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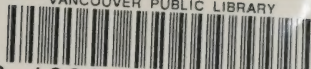
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LOVER LYRICS AND OTHERS

BY
A. R. MUNDAY



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35.

To Mother

WHO WILL BE NOT MORE
PLEASED THAN DISAPPOINTED
IN THESE POEMS

Betsy Bee

17 Sep 28.

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LOVER LYRICS

Lover Lyrics and Others

VISION.

I WALK with eyes bent on the road;
My soul is seeing the mind of God.

I raise my eyes to pass a man—
There is a soul in the face I scan.

I look to the sky that I see fair;
I see again that God is there:

God is with me, and I with God:
Again my eyes are on the road.

THE END OF THE WORLD
IS AT HAND
AND WE ARE
TO LIVE
IN THE
NEW
WORLD
OF
THE
FUTURE

WEATHER SONGS.

I.

LAST night the sky was thick with clouds,
The streets were wet with rain;
And, struck with gusty showers, the crowds
Shrunk glad indoors again.

To-day, the sky is brightly blue,
And silvery bright the clouds,
And brightly decked in summer hue
Throng, in the park, the crowds.

Aye; but for me the rain or sun—
Lover of Nature, I—
Call, and I come, forever won,
Wooing, or wet or dry;
Sueing, and never my suit is done,
Wooing the Ever-Shy.

II.

OUT-OF-DOORS.

I, who love to lie in the sun,
Should I be softened so
To count the easiest the best won,
To dread the rain or snow?

Nay: forth I fare into the wind,
Its buffets, twists and blows;
The rain is welcome: good I find
The chill; and then suppose

Out of the body's warmth and thrill,
Stiffened against the storm,
Some sense of conquest made should fill
The soul, and keep it warm?

FROM DAWN TO DAWN.

With puffs that make the dew-drops flash
The dusky dawn draws into day;
Cloud driven from the clover gay
On cedarn depths the sunbeams dash.

The drowsy day drags into night,
And ocean sunsets, glimmering, sink
On apple-orchards touched with pink,
And elder bushes tipped with white:

Till Halley's comet, in the flush
Twinkling like Jove, a mighty star,
Glow in the dawn, and drives afar
As morning birds break up the hush.

THE LION'S GATE.

CLOUDS, peaked like mountains, cluster on the sea
Low down, like islands; and the Island lies
A streak of darkest blue beneath the blue
Of clear December skies.

And, climbing up from long slopes darkly green,
Ridged black against the sky,
Tall snow-crowned summits from scarred cliffs stand
fair,
Precipitously high.

The level bay beneath them rolls and slops;
And, finger-like, stretched steadfast out to sea,
The Point lies, hazy in this air of noon,
Sun-gleaming drowsily.

And far within the spreading city lies;
And through this seething Lion's Gate the ships
Steam blackly; all their laden commerce pours,
Gold-laden, 'round her hips.

She, diademed and regal, fronts the sea,
His long arms thrust within and clasping her;
While his strong voice, or quiet or stormily,
Sweeps strangely through the stir,

And still, as she looks inland, pleads—in vain?
He seems to woo, as lovers do—to win?
His deep voice in her streets a voice of pain
Soon deadened in her din.

VAGRANCY.

I HAVE no rest at all to-day
In town where people are,
Resistless impulse calls away,
And I must follow far ;

Yet, goalless, leads my wandering
To no familiar spot,
For restlessness to-day is king
And known scenes suit me not :

And as I'm bid let me away
At whim to forge afar ;
I'll have no rest at all to-day
Where any people are.

VISITORS.

WHEN Kathleen's friends come up to stay,
And laugh and talk in charming way,
Her folks seem pleased with them to be,
And join the circle readily.

But when I come to see Kathleen,
(And often long away I've been),
They kindly leave we two alone—
What makes the difference, is it known?

ABSENCE.

I WAS with thee last night
But this morning thou'rt far,
And sad and discouraged
My weary thoughts are.

Could I but meet thee
And hear thy word tell
Of thy love, if thou carest,
This parting were well:

But I know not, and hear not,
Nor meet with thee, dear;
And distressed is my sad thought,
My heart heavy with fear.

THE NARROWS.

HERE the sea's straitened, landward strained to win;
Here my heart's straining, thy heart to get in:
Rolled 'round this city levels the great sea,
As my heart's, over-eager, wrapping around thee.

THOUGH MUCH I FEAR.

THOUGH much I fear to meet thee, knowing not
How thou dost take my gift,
There lies much hope to comfort me in thought
And fear's weight lift.

But worse than all that holds me back in fear
Is sense of my unworth;
For I am not much worthy of thee, dear—
I'm! "base of earth."

Yet still I go, drawn on by wistful love
That would look in thy face,
Though fearing, doubting, still so fain to prove,
To feel, thy love, thy grace.

TIMES I HAVE SEEN THEE.

TIMES I have seen thee, and repaid
For nights and days of brooding pain,
Have gloried in thy grace and stayed
In hope thou'dst pass again.

To-day I've seen thee, and thy head
Was drooped; thy eyes cast down, though still
The splendour of their light was spread
And seemed thy face to fill;

And sweet expressions nimbly crossed
And touched thy lips; thy look was mild;
And yet through eager hope is lost
My peace, my heart is wild.

I'll seek thee, Sweet, until I find
My soul's look in thine eyes, and see
A perfect passion teach thy mind—
And thou comest back to me.

FOR POWER.

THOU hast a potency
To give new life to me ;

Hast thou the charm to give
Would make me quiet live ?

Or else quell love outright,
Or make me of love free
By dowery of might
Subjecting it to me.

SONNETS

TO ONE WITH THE WHOOPING-COUGH AT
SCHOOL.

'Tis strange to feel within the upper throat
That gentle tickling which incites to cough;
Not very loud, nor all too plain nor rough,
But gentle "Hems" that die in leaping out.
These are the heralds of the coming rout:
And all too soon, oh, hapless Whooper, thou
Shalt heave and swell, and even cough enow
To drown the racket in the room about.

Most hapless Wretch, condemned to whoop, and pass
In noisy misery the long woeful day,
Not very soon shall pass that cough away,
Nor very soon shall cease thy whoop, alas!
And we who hearken thee in silent hate,
That whoop that we must whoop's our certain fate.

I DO NOT FIND.

I do not find in all my rounds of thought
The safest, surest goal of just desire,
Nor see wherefor my spirit should aspire
To bounds unknown and by ambition wrought,
Save that by nature are impulses given
To seek discernment and to conquer fame;
And base of earth is he who has not striven
If his the yearning for a glorious name.
And yet through mighty sorrows we explore
To found a title that shall never end,
A brighter glory that not evermore
Vain-passing days nor destiny shall spend.
Oh, I have taught my hope to feed on this,
And striving for it doth sum up my bliss.

OH, IS IT VAIN?

OH, is it vain aspiring days to chain
To hot ambition but to forward pride?
To make of love and love's more secret pain
The servants of desire? to abide
No seeming waste of what my spirit deems
The powers that shall compass its desert?
And thought to bring in aid of fitful dreams
To give them music ere their glow depart?
The lust of fame consumes my shortening days,
And fear that death shall hide me in his dark
Without the meed of glory's tireless praise,
Where never time my unknown end may mark,
And all the beauty that my spirit knows,
Unwritten, with mortality shall close.

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DEPRESSION.

I FOLD my heart up in this wilderness,
Although the sounds of human voices come,
And city traffic and commercial hum ;
Yet for all mortal noise do I not less
Fold up my heart in a long weariness,
Too tired to despoil me of my grief ;
All comforts in all interests too brief,
All interests, desires, comfortless.

Oh, if to me my life must be like this,
Resembling sullen waters, may some wind,
Some stormy tempest, rouse me up to feel
With stinging emphasis this I conceal,—
Some sudden striking ecstasy of bliss,
Or some sharp pain to smite the shrinking mind.

WEARINESS.

How tired I am ! too tired even to grieve,
With matter for it, for despondency ;
Tired of sad thoughts, such as have birth by thee ;
So tired the thought of thee fails to relieve :
No joy in watching how the garden grows,
Nor children playing, but with tired sight
Blurring and spotted, waiting for still night
To bring quiet sleep, one refuge from my woes.

Now that one star has risen gloriously,
And sunset's mauve is fading ; a dull glow
Rises before the moon ; in one grand row,
Marked even in darkness, rising one by one,
Quiet, sombre mountains as a mock to me
Keep earth's serenity now day is done.

CONFESSION.

WHEN I did sue thee in my earnest love
That picked thy compliment to find thy worth,
I was unworthy and of basest earth
To earn affection and such sweetness prove;
For all I sought thou gavest me in grace;
And now I search myself, who did not then,
To find my place and power among men,
And see such faults as I can scarce efface.

Oh, 'tis not love alone, nor thy love, Sweet,
Perverting truth to riches give to love,
That makes me see thus, but offences meet
For punishment such baseness to reprove:
Nor does that sophistry much shelter me,
Which puts in love all worthiness of thee.

WHEN I AM WEARY.

WHEN I am weary of thy long delay
To write the words I wait for, I am sad ;
Yet soon comes memory to make me glad
And give me hope, and then, dear love, I say
Thou waitest but to test me and to prove
If love that grew in pleasure can withstand
A long withdrawal of thy kindly hand,
For should love doubt much now 'twere weakly love.
And strengthening myself with thoughts like these,
I cast aside impatience and am strong
To look upon my fear as on a wrong
That I have done thee, though it does increase.
And yet that fear I blame makes me love more.
Love growing stronger as its pain grows sore.

SWEET!

TEACH me each day to hold my own desert
So worthy thee, thou canst not choose but come:
That thy loved heart to my heart making home
Shall find mine waiting with no coldness girt.
And long I've loved thee, with love deep and strong,
Setting my thoughts to enter into thine,
To bring thy thinking to accord with mine;
Oh, come to me! my heart has hungered long.
Yet no set kindness; no, nor gratitude
For service done thee, prompted but by love;
Nor first love's readiness to answer love:—
Nothing of these! But as my lover's-mood
Is fixt, nor alters, on thee, let thy heart
Fix upon mine with love not to depart.

HE SPEAKS IN PRIDE.

I CANNOT quiet this too passionate thought
That dwells upon thee in intensest way,
Nor in the care and business of the day
Forget thee ever ; thou so well hast wrought,
With potent loveliness, that love, o'erpowered,
Recks but of thee, and its desire proud
Will but have thee and thy sweet love avowed,
Thy gifts of maiden love on my love showered.
Yet I, from passion separate, and strong,
Renounce thee ever, feeling need of thee,
Quelling this love ; thou dost to those belong
Whose vanity on lovers' vows is fed :
Thou art not one whom I would have of me
The mistress, of my love and home the head.

SUMMIT OF WHITE MOUNTAIN.

A SEMICIRCLE this of naked rock
Blown by the many storms of ancient years,
Fronting the city, which from here appears
As Nature's toy—a plaything, and a mock.
Here winters have their will, and summer's wind
A chill as of a storm; yet even here
The hospitable earth gives fragile cheer
And heather blooms and flowers has assigned.
This prospect wide is not of worth to me
As are these blooms upon a peak so bare;
They are the tender orphans of the air,
And supplicate forbearance; let them be!
Wild nature best delights them: leave them there
Where over earth and mountains they can see!

FOR HEALING.

DISTURBED and self-distressed, in thought diseased,
With heart full of unrest—too apt to run
In melancholy ways beneath the sun
Of hot distemper—this one day released
From helpful labour, I, who daily toil
Closed in the city, find in wood and sky
And the sweet air of forests, something high
And nobler than my mood I too much soil.

Small flowers are 'round me, swarming with great bees;
And air that seems alive and twittering;
Each bough astir, and musical the breeze;
The sound of running waters;—oh, all these
Beget within me harmonies that bring
A sense of power, of greatness not to cease.

A SERIES



A SERIES—1910.

I.

SWEET, I have found no resting-place
For my affection ; even thou,
Whom I so trusted, seemest now
The mere remembrance of a face :

Yet, having loved, these lines are strung
To fix my memories of thee ;
And show thee, dear, there is in me
Affection still, though sadly sung.

II.

LIFE mixes up the thoughts of Death
With Love and Power, precious things,
And giveth to imaginings
A realm beyond the boundary, Breath;

Yet neither thought nor fancy can
Reveal the secret of distress,
Which feels that life's real worth is less
Than living men can show to man;

Yet blindly seeks to understand,
And blindly owns that life is worth;
A being blind bred of the earth
That blindly guides my writing hand.

III.

OH, what know I of learnèd things?
I con no skill of college lore;
I only sorrow more and more,
I only read imaginings.

What wonder, then, though I should fail
Where other greater ones have paused,
Pondering the power grief that caused—
Pondered and thought without avail?

'Tis hidden all; I cannot trust
For good where only ill I see:
The end is hidden unto me;
I am a being made of dust!

IV.

BEHOLD, I write my paltry rhymes
Uncaring if they be or no
Things whereunto the age may grow,
Or which fit in with modern times.

Oh, sorrow is of every age!
My sorrow is my own, and I
Care not, myself, to put it by,
But rather let it run and rage:

For sorrow grows a part of me;
Whate'er I am, I sorrow still:
I have but knowledge of an ill,
And sorrow is in all I see.

V.

THE meadowlark sings through the day
 With bubbling throat and tilted head ;
 Across his breast the arc is spread ;
He sweetly sings and flits away.

He cannot understand a woe ;
 His little heart's too full of joy ;
 I loved him when I was a boy ;
I loved him then, and love him now.

His song delights me still ; I mark
 Him in his music and his toil—
 Nest-building, searching in the soil—
Until I lose him in the dark.

VI.

THAT pet name rose unto my tongue
Which I called thee one happy day,
But half in earnest, half in play,
In days when we in love were young ;

And I repeated it, and grew,—
For memory loosed the bonds of pain,—
Into that passionate time again
Ere I had cause to doubt thee true :

But when remembrance brought the years
Since thou wert false, unto my mind,
Kind memory proved in this unkind,
Renewing pain and bitter tears.

VII.

SUCH long, sad years I have retraced
To find these memories again!
And yet the old insistent pain,
Years scarce have weakened with their waste,

Is near as strong: ah, time that takes
So much of joy, can touch not grief,
Or, touching, brings but scant relief,—
Endurance—to the heart that aches.

Yet the lone will that cannot find
An ally in the fevered soul,
Builds slowly up the patient whole
And fixes patience in the mind:

And though all life through pain be lower
And dully hurt, the power to bear,
Fixed in the heart, grows lovely there;
And love leaps up in August flower.

JUST FANCIES.

I.

“GOODNIGHT”—

Sweet, take a goodnight!
A word like a kiss,
Half bursting in bliss
If taken a-right:

And, for our delight
Would the kiss
Be amiss?

II.

LOVE calls to our hearts:
But answer there's none—
Mine alone, mine alone!

Love's call I hear:
When sorrow gives cry
Crowds are full nigh—
Joy's bye-and-bye.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

You thrust all good up to my finger-tips
For me to take—my scruples said I shouldn't :
You then withdrew that tender of your lips,
So when *I* would, *you* wouldn't.

II.

My heart is sad,
Bring heart's ease, quick !
My heart's love-mad,
And I'm love-sick !

III.

Love, that envelops me from head to heel,
Keeps in my heart alive the eternal boy ;
And more I love the more I feel
The permanence of joy.

DESPAIRFUL MOOD.

HUNG in the torment of despairful mood
Most miserable thoughts hold sway in me ;
I'm like the seaweed in the swell of sea,
And rise or droop to my mood's ebb or flood ;
Or like the moving mist in shade and sun,
That's always changing, and is never done.

And as still waters, smooth and all at peace,
Are blown to ripples with a gust of wind,
So passionate thinking drives into my mind
A host of miseries that never cease,
That heap themselves upon my better thought
And hold me helpless in my sad mood caught.

THE CYNIC SINGS.

How small, how mean, ambitions are
That win the earth and want the star :
And in the sum of human things
Of what use to the soul are wings ?

As though a dragon-fly should lose
The power of flight it yet could choose,
So the soul's wings but beat the dust
And have no might to work its "must."

It pulses in its wish to try,
As instinct wills, the way to fly ;
But the earth-nature is too strong :
Then doth the high soul suffer long.

TO MYRTLE.

SWEET, in thy thoughts I dwell securely,
Passionately, purely.

In my thoughts the want of thee is strong;
For thee I long:

And soon thou comest, if no more delays
Stretch out the days;

Let my close clasping then speak out to thee
How dear thou art to me.

“AI, AI, APOLLO”!

A SONG like the wind that comes, and is gone,
And comes no more!

Like the sky in the dawn

In faintest delicate tints, gold-drawn,

That come no more!

Even so my song in the April of youth,

Renewed no more,

Ne'er as before

Will gladden my soul in beauty and truth!

THE "SLACKER."

I
IN life that reaches me, and makes
Me thrill and quiver, eager-eyed,
What is the power? What, that shakes
My own poor life and tears my pride?

Oh, this! that in these times there is
A spirit greater than I knew
Of flame-browed, noblest sacrifice,
Whose breath these two years on me blew.

Yet tied to this dull daylong round
I see two duties clash, and find
What, oh so many have not found!
Rebellion in my inmost mind.

Heed I the call? There seems no ease
To fruitless questioning, aye or no:
Must I then stay? There is no peace,
Nor certainty to say, "'Tis so."

But now when thought could be more full,
And God more near, and men more high,
And the sweet life more wonderful,
Can I not, too, go out to die?

11
You did not know, or else that word
 Had not been said, and I had gone—
 Yet keeps my heart the conflict on,
And I have heard, yet have not heard,

And thought, yet with no end to strife,
 And seen, with studious vision blurred—
 You had not known and said the word
That held me back from larger life.

12
Oh Heart, built up by love, love—stayed
 In bonds of life to meet and strive
 With dragging hands of fate, alive
To meet with danger unafraid ;

Beat down thy flashings of high fire,
 Cast down thy spirit in the dust ;
 Love is thy lord, and love is just ;
Love faces down thy great desire,

And on thy flaming hope builds up
 A round of dubious tasks, and sets
 Thee to dull duties ; love begets
A dwindling little idle hope

That fain would in thy life arise,
 And in thy soul again increase
 Love, and thy song, and sad-eyed peace,
And teach thee what thy sacrifice.

13
Restraining Duty, bear with me !
 And keep out of my eyes the flame
 Of battle, and the nobler name
Of those who give their lives for thee,

Lest in the shock of battling days
I lose my will and go with them :
Do not my violent wish condemn ;
Beat down my soul to suit thy ways !

High Duty, calling some to die,
Thou givest unto them a name,
Thy noblest ; to the end their fame,
Their deeds, endure, bright for ay :

Oh, set our wills to mate with them
In stirring conflict undismayed,
By such high purpose kept and stayed
They will not in the end condemn.

LOVER LYRICS AND OTHERS—MUNDAY

